

MAKING PORN: A MOM & SON LUST STORY

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After Mom gets caught masturbating, Mom & Son make a porno.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: After Mom gets caught masturbating, Mom and Son make a porno.

Note 1: This is an April Fool's Day 2016 Contest story because what I think is a sweet twist ending.

Note 2: Although this is written under my name, it is a collaborative effort with a fan who came up with the plot, as well as much of the dialogue of the mother-son scene. Thanks again!!!

Note 3: Thanks to Robert and goamz86 for editing this story.

Making Porn: A Mom & Son LUST Story

"You haven't had sex since Jake died?" Carol, my best friend, gasped.

"No," I said, before adding, "It just doesn't feel right."

"Sex always feels right," Amber, the Samantha Jones of the group, quipped.

I shook her head. "I have Katie and Jay still at home, too."

"They know you have a cunt," Amber pointed out bluntly.

"They know I have an ass too, should I let them watch me be sodomized?" I asked, sarcastically... although truth be told I did love it in the ass. I loved just giving myself to my husband completely back when he was alive.

"Now that's kinky," Amber teased.

Carol interjected, "No, we're not saying that. But you do need to get back out there. Jake would have wanted you to."

"I suppose," I sighed, before adding, "I can't even imagine where to begin."

"Craigslist," Amber said. "You will have cock in your mouth or cunt," she listed and paused briefly, before adding, "or ass in minutes. It's like cock on demand."

"And diseases," Carol added.

Tiffany, another friend, finally said, "I know a guy who is a widow too."

"A blind date?" I asked, repulsed. "I don't think so."

"A blindfold, on the other hand," Amber joked.

Carol sighed, "Your children are adults, Megan. It's been two years since Jake passed away."

"And you're not getting any younger," Amber pointed out.

"Thanks Amber," I sighed again, feeling way older than the forty-four I was.

"Just saying," Amber shrugged. "Time is always ticking."

"I know," I nodded, unsure I really wanted to get back into the dating scene, although I definitely wanted to get laid.

"I'm setting you up," Tiffany declared, "He's a good guy."

"Is he hung?" Amber asked.

Tiffany shook her head, "You really have a one track mine."

Amber shrugged, "Size matters."

I pondered this. Jake had been a caring lover, but he wasn't really big, not quite five inches.

Often, when he was alive, I had wished he was bigger.

Carol asked, always the compassionate one, "Do you want Tiffany to set you up?"

"I don't know," I answered.

"It can't hurt," Tiffany said. "If it goes bad then you don't date him again."

"Just fuck him and leave him," Amber suggested.

"Fine, whatever," I shrugged, figuring maybe Amber was right. I definitely needed to get laid.

We resumed playing cards and the topic changed.

As I was leaving, it was Carol who handed me a movie and said, "Watch this, it will change your life."

I looked at the movie. It was a porn called 'Mommies Who Do'. I gasped, "Oh, my God, Carol!"

"Trust me," Carol smiled wickedly, "It changed my sex life."

"Okay," I nodded, taking it. Although I wasn't sure I had any plans to watch it.

That night, I pondered the conversation. I had been lonely for a while. It had been over two years since my husband passed in a tragic car accident.

It had been over two years since I had had sex of any kind, other than my fingers.

Maybe it was time to put myself out there. At the very least to get fucked.

It was a few days later, when everything changed.

I had the house to myself because my daughter, Katie, had headed out that morning for the lake for the weekend with her boyfriend, and my son, Jay, had just left to go play baseball.

Feeling horny, I figured I had at least a good three hours to myself and planned to use the home alone time to get myself off.

I grabbed the DVD, recalling Carol saying the movie changed her sex life. I couldn't figure how a porn film could change her life, but I was curious.

I slid out of my comfy Saturday sweats, and tugged off my panties as the movie began. I left my baggy sweatshirt on as I wasn't wearing a bra. I liked to allow my 36C breasts to roam free on weekends and if someone did show up unexpectedly I had a blanket nearby to cover myself up.

As the video started, I slowly used my finger on myself. I watched the entire first scene while teasing myself. A single MILF, like me, is seduced and fucked by her son's best friend, who is incredibly hot in the movie.

I watched the MILF suck the teen's big cock.

I watched the MILF get bent over a counter and fucked.

I watched the MILF beg for it harder and eventually come.

I watched the MILF drop to her knees and eagerly allow the young stud to come all over her face.

I was thankful for Carol's suggestion as I began to wonder what it would be like to fuck Rick, Jay's best friend. The idea made my pussy tingle and I slowed down my self-pleasure as I wanted to watch at least one more scene.

Scene two continues with the MILF naked in her room after a shower and getting ready for a night out. She is completely naked and putting on thigh high stockings when there is a shadow. The MILF looks up and gasps, trying to cover herself up as she asks, "Ryan, what are you doing? And why are you naked?"

"Well you're naked and today is actually annual Nude Day," the good looking young man responded.

The MILF looks and stares at the completely erect penis seeming to be pointing at her.

"And why are you so hard?" the MILF asks, even as it is obvious she is intrigued and impressed by the big cock saluting her.

"Because I've always wanted to see you naked, you are the ultimate MILF," he answered.

"MILF?" the MILF asked, unaware of the term.

"Mom I'd like to fuck," he answered, as he walked into the room, "And you, Mom, are the MILF I'd like to fuck."

I gasped and moaned at the same time as I realized the MILF DVD was actually an incest video and that the hot young man's ultimate MILF was his actual mom.

I couldn't explain it as I had never considered my children sexually at all, although Jay was a very handsome man and a dead ringer for my deceased husband and my daughter Katie was a very beautiful twenty-one year old. Yet, as I watched the video my pussy burned.

"Ryan, stop right this second," the MILF orders.

The good looking son ignores his mother's order, as he walks directly in front of her, his hard cock inches from her mouth. He says, "I saw you fucking Simon."

The Mom's red face goes redder as she stammers, staring at the massive cock, "Y-y-you saw that?"

"I videotaped that," he answers.

"Ryan, no," the Mom gasps.

"And now I have my own live-in Mommy-slut," the boy says, as he slides his cock in the bewildered, embarrassed mom's mouth.

The mom is shocked and yet doesn't push her son away, instead allows her son to slowly fuck her face.

He groans, "Oh yes, Mom. I've wanted to do this for a long time."

I was completely enthralled by and unable to take my eyes off the taboo scene I was watching. I couldn't help it, but as I continued watching I imagined I was the Mom and Jay was the son.

After a moment, the mother takes over and begins sucking on her own. After a couple of minutes of getting his cock sucked, he orders, "Now stroke my cock with those stocking feet."

The Mom, now into the sex scene, regardless of whether it is her son or not, asks coyly, "You like Mommy's stockings?"

"I love them, Mom," he nods, as his Mom begins to give him a stocking foot job.

"Mommy loves your big cock, baby," the MILF says, completely intoxicated by her son's big cock after a couple of minutes of stroking it.

"I bet you would love it in that sweet cunt of yours," the son says.

"You want to fuck Mommy with that big snake?" the Mom asks coyly.

The son asks, "The better question is do you want to have your son's big dick in you?"

"God, yes, baby," she purrs, "come and fuck Mommy."

The son pushes her onto her back, lifted her legs up in the air and slams his cock into his horny mother.

I couldn't believe how hot the scene was, my pussy literally on fire and my orgasm imminent.

I frantically fingered myself as I continued to watch the taboo sex act.

As I rubbed myself, attempting to finish off a long held back orgasm, I glanced to my side and gasped.

My son was watching me from outside the glass door in our backyard.

My son was clearly rubbing his shaft through his pants.

I stared at my son who seemed to have his eyes switching back and forth between me pleasuring myself and the dirty incest movie on my 60 inch television.

I should have stopped. I should have demanded he leave. Yet, I did neither. I was way too aroused to pull my fingers out of my demanding mound. Instead, I decided I had to finish what I started, not willing to try and stop the climax that was rising like a storm's tide.

I then made eye contact with him as I kept masturbating and my son stared. For some reason I can't explain, I'd like to think I briefly saw my husband and not my son, but that would be a lie, I turned my body towards the glass door to give him a better view as I fingered myself.

I glanced back to the film and saw the mother getting pounded doggy style, my favourite position.

I glanced back to my son, who had in those few seconds pulled his pants down and was now furiously pumping his cock, which I unfortunately couldn't get a real good view of.

I couldn't stop staring at his hand pumping away at his cock as he stared at me fingering myself.

"Oh, yes, son, you're such a sexy mother fucker," the MLF screams as she comes from the incestuous act.

Hearing the words, 'mother fucker' was the final straw as my orgasm suddenly erupted through the very core of my being. I was more turned on than I can ever remember being. My body shook violently as I made deep, lustful eye contact with Jay. I held it throughout my orgasm as wave after wave of intense pleasure hit me like a never ending tidal wave against the coast. I could feel hot liquid spilling onto my tired, trembling fingers as I stared into my son's eyes, only looking away briefly to see his erect cock furiously being pumped in his hand.

As my orgasm continued to tremble less and less, Jay suddenly ran away with his pants around his ankles and his phone in his hand.

Even though my orgasm was still not completely done, I quickly got dressed, and shut off the movie as I pondered what next?

How will the events that just transpired affect my relationship with my son?

How could I possibly explain myself?

Why was his phone in his hand? Had he been filming me?

I went upstairs to shower and cool myself down. When I came back downstairs, my son was nowhere to be found. It was a few anxiety filled hours later that I heard the front door open. A chill went up my spine, but although I was dreading this conversation, I headed down to the kitchen and called, "Jay, please come downstairs."

My hands were shaking as I awaited the conversation few mothers I imagine have to have with their children.

Jay came in still in his ball uniform and sat down at the kitchen table. I noticed he couldn't even make eye contact.

I sat down and began, "We need to talk."

Jay still not making eye contact said, "We really don't have to."

"Oh, yes we do!" I stressed. "What happened today with you seeing me like that it's...." Suddenly I was unable to communicate what I wanted to say due to the complete awkwardness of it.

My son finally looked up at me and shrugged, "It's okay. It's not that big of a deal."

I gasped as I pointed out the obvious. "We saw each other naked and touching ourselves! How can you think that isn't a big deal?"

"People masturbate," he shrugged. "I do it three, four, five, six, times a day."

"Oh my God!" I gasped. "That many?"

"It feels good and once I come I can focus," he explained.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, when I get horny I can't think straight and then once I come I can focus," he said.

"Oh," was all I could muster as the surreal conversation somehow got stranger. After a pause I asked, "How long had you been there before I saw you?"

Jay looks down at the table for a few moments before he answered, "A pretty long time."

I asked the question that really worried me. "So did you see what the movie was about?"

Jay looked up at me slowly and nodded, "Yeah."

I paused. I tried to explain why I was watching a movie about incest, son and mom incest none-the-less, "I didn't think it was that type of movie when I it was given to me by a friend."

Jay quickly chimed in, "It's okay Mom. You don't have to be embarrassed about it. I was watching it too so it's not awkward."

I oddly felt a bit better at how casual Jay was acting, the fact that it didn't freak him out or think I was some twisted incestuous mother relaxed me a bit. But I had to ask about the other thing still bothering me, the fact that he likely filmed me. "So I saw your phone in your hand. Why was that?"

Jay, again, looked down at the kitchen table nervously and said, "I... I was taking a video..."

I instantly grew concerned, even though I had suspected as much, as many horrifying thoughts entered my mind. But some of my concerns were alleviated immediately as Jay added, "...But it is just on my camera for me. It's not like I was sending or posting it anywhere!"

And even though I was pretty sure I knew the answer, I asked, "Why did you take a video of me touching myself?"

Jay's response was quiet, but I end up surprised by how he answered. His face was red, he was completely embarrassed, but incredibly sincere as he looked me in the eyes. "Mom you just looked so beautiful, and I had never seen you look like that before... I just... I don't know... couldn't stop watching and I wanted to save the image so I wouldn't ever forget how you looked."

I began to blush at hearing my son's genuine compliments and the fact that he was embarrassed about saying them. It was actually very sweet and flattering after two years without any real attention from men. However, I still had to deal with the situation at hand: there was a digital video of me masturbating on a mobile device that could accidentally get sent somewhere, somehow.

Even though I already knew the answer, I asked anyways., partly to be sure I was correct and partly to stroke my suddenly needy ego. "Why did you really make the video, honey?" To reassure him I wasn't mad, I added, "I promise I will not get mad, sweetie."

Jay hesitantly answered, so cute when he was shy, "I wanted to... um... I wanted to... um... well I... I wanted to watch it later."

For some reason I made a fist and moved it up and down with a questioning face.

Jay nodded in embarrassing agreement.

I continued, "It's okay, honey, masturbation is natural. I'm not mad at all. It's just as much my fault as it is yours."

Jay gave a huge sigh of relief.

But curious to see the video, I continued, "But I need to see the video to know what you have on there."

"You sure?" Jay asked, looking surprised.

"Yes," I nodded, very curious what I looked like.

Jay reluctantly handed me the phone with the video already on the screen. I pressed the play button to see myself masturbating on the living-room couch. After a couple minutes of watching myself, realizing I looked disgusting, I asked, "How long is this?"

Jay replied, "It's like that for a while. It doesn't change until later when you and I see each other."

I asked, hoping the video got better, "When is that in the video?"

"Well," Jay said, "I don't know but I can show you the video that starts when we see each other."

"There's another video?!" I exclaimed.

Jay immediately defended himself, "No! It's just a cut of this video starting at the point where it gets good."

I asked, surprised, "What do you mean gets good?" This made him feel uncomfortable again. I again comforted him, "It's okay sweetie. I understand. Just let me see that video."

Jay took the phone and then handed it back to me.

I watched the video. It still showed me masturbating on the couch just like the last one, only this time I was suddenly looking in the camera's direction like a deer in headlights, but I shamefully continued to finger my pussy. I watched in morbid fascination as I furiously fingered myself, going back and forth between the television and my voyeuristic son.

Then I purposely turned towards the camera.

The video was blurry because of the glass and distance, but it was undeniably me.

Soon enough I was watching my eyes go up and down, switching between staring at my son's cock and my son's eyes, which I don't recall doing, but obviously I did.

Then it happened. I watched myself violently shake while looking into my son's eyes. Then the video abruptly ended.

I can't deny it, even though I looked repulsive, watching the scene and knowing the circumstances that went with it, I was a little, no, a lot, aroused. I smiled, partly to make a joke in an awkward situation and partly because I had been genuinely smiling at what happened, as I said, "Well, I can definitely see why you call that the good part."

Jay noticed my smile and said, with a bit of enthusiasm, "There is another cut of it."

"Another video!" I asked incredulously.

Jay showed me another edited version of the same scene, this one an even shorter one and it's zoomed in on my face just as I'm reaching climax, focusing on my eyes switching in between Jay's rock-hard cock and his eyes. Then a close up of my face and mouth as I cum, looking indeed like a porn star orgasm.

I was even more aroused as I asked, "Why do you have this video?"

Jay answered, "It's my favorite part."

I can clearly see why, but I asked him why anyway. "Why is this your favourite part?"

Jay was very nervous again, and didn't answer.

I once again reassured him. "It's okay honey. After what happened today you can tell me anything. I won't judge."

After a pause, Jay answered, "I like to see that you were thinking about me in that sort of way when you were orgasming."

After everything that happened... that was the one thing that shocked me to the core. As did the slight moisture that began to collect in my panties as my pussy was suddenly very much on fire.

"Um, okay," I said, not being able to think because my head was starting to spin and my pussy was starting to burn. Why was this turning me on? Yet, seeing how embarrassed he seemed to be, I made a playful joke, "Well I bet you didn't think you were going to see that today, did you?"

Jay looked up and nodded, "Well, no, that wasn't what I thought I would walk into when I realized I forgot my wallet."

"Oh, that was why you came home so unexpectedly?" I asked. "I thought I had the house to myself."

"So I noticed," he said, with a teasing smile.

"Brat," I said, standing up and playfully hitting his shoulder.

Feeling the conversation was done, and it was time to move on, I said shaking my head, "I can't believe I had an orgasm in front of my son."

Jay chimed back, "I can't believe I orgasmed watching my mom orgasm!"

This stopped me in my tracks. I asked curiously, the conversation suddenly not over, "I didn't see you cum. When did you do that?"

Jay answered, "I was too embarrassed to do it in front of you, so I walked away to do that."

I asked "Really? Why did you do that? After you had the confidence to touch yourself in front of me, I would've thought you'd have no problem finishing in front of me?" I then added, flirting slightly for the first time, "You know I had no problem coming in front of you."

Jay's red face went redder. "Well you were done and I didn't want to cum all over the glass door, so I ran into the yard and came in the bushes," Jay explained.

"Oh..well at least that's one less mess I had to clean up today," I joked.

Jay looked at me with confusion and asked, "What do you mean?"

I realized that I said something I wished I hadn't, but I see no other option but to say the truth, especially after such a truthful conversation, "I um... I had to clean up the couch a little bit after I was done."

"You squirted a little bit! I know that not that many women squirt," Jay exclaimed with interest.

Although the conversation was getting even more personal, I went with it as I saw my son's interest, "Well I don't usually squirt, not in a long time anyway, and it was more than a little bit to be honest."

Jay's face lit up. Feeling confident, he admitted, "To be honest, I had the biggest orgasm of my life too."

I was surprised by his sudden confidence and I decided to play along, now seeing my son as a man. "Well I'm glad Mommy could do that for you."

"I'm glad I could help you make a mess on the couch," grinned my suddenly confident son. I was a little shocked, but very excited. Between my legs I could feel a tingling sensation.

Jay squirmed a little bit, and I heard the snapping of the band of his athletic shorts. He obviously had an erection from our conversation, which made me feel good. This conversation was having the same impact on him as it was me.

I know I shouldn't have said anything, but I asked, "And did Mommy make that happen?"

"What?" Jay asked, confused.

"The bulge in your pants?" I asked bluntly.

Jay stammered, "T-t-this conversation is very strange."

"We're two adults now, honey," I said. "And without your father around, I guess it makes sense that you can talk to me about any sex questions you have."

"Really?" he asked.

"Really," I nodded.

After a pause, he asks, "Did seeing me watching you make you come harder?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Why?" he asked.

"I honestly don't know," I answered. "Maybe it was the nasty video, maybe it was how long since I saw an actual cock or maybe it was the idea of being watched."

"Have you had sex since Dad died?" he asked.

"No," I answered.

"Why?" he asked.

"Many reasons," I said. "One being the feelings of you and Katie."

"Mom, we're adults," he pointed out.

"I know," I nodded. "Carol and the girls said the same thing recently."

"Well, you need to find yourself a man," Jay said.

I joked, "I have a man at home." I then realized what I had said and what could be inferred. After a pause, I quickly said, "But enough about my lack of a love life. Anything else?"

Jay said, "Well, I just wish I had a better view."

I was taken aback. "A better view? You saw my fingers inside of my vagina and then watched me orgasm!" I pointed out.

Jay continued, "Well, like, your hand was over the top of it and I was kind of far away and at a bad angle so it was a little hard to see. I still appreciate what I saw though!"

Thinking of the video, he was right. Yet my maternal desire to not let my child win an argument led me to counter, "Well you still got to see more than I saw so you shouldn't complain."

Jay countered back, "You got to clearly see my entire penis and me stroking it, so you had a luckier view."

I smirked at the word 'luckier', yet I couldn't believe I was having a debate with my son over who had a better experience while watching the other masturbate, but I was now so aroused and determined not to lose this one, I continued, logic no longer part of the conversation, "That's true, but you got a clear view of me ORGASMING on the couch and a video of it! I didn't get to see what happened with you."

Jay was clearly excited by our conversation and asked, "Do you want to see me shooting my load from this morning?"

I definitely wanted to, yet I sure couldn't justify showing interest, so I questioned, "Well... how would you even do that?"

He answered, "That first video was an edit of the whole video, too. I was so excited and about to burst. I didn't have time to turn the video on my phone off before coming into the bushes."

I was dying to see it, my pussy overriding any moral motherly responsibilities, but I didn't feel I could say 'yes'.

Thankfully, my son saved me from the predicament by putting the video in front of me.

Once again it showed me locking eyes with my son as I climaxed, but then, Jay's phone shows a shaking camera as he runs across the lawn. Then, the camera stops in front of the bushes by the back fence and with a fidgeting camera; I watched my son's dick ejaculating (what had to be the largest load I had ever seen) into the bushes. I put the phone down on the kitchen table as my pussy leaked excessively into my panties.

But then, despite my arousal, reality set in, I ordered my son, "You have to get rid of these compromising videos."

Jay pleaded, obviously wanting to keep them, "Why? I won't show them to anyone, I promise."

I shook my head adamantly. "It's too risky. That video could get to someone else so easily by accident on your phone. It's connected to the internet."

Jay was obviously crushed. After a pause, he asked, "What if I could put the video on a DVD and then delete the video on my phone? Then it would be a physical copy and it couldn't end up on the internet? And I could easily hide the video in the house and nobody could ever see but me."

I pondered this, as it did seem to solve the problem I had a concern with, yet with my mother hat suddenly, on I had other concerns. "Well that's true, but there are still a couple of issues. First of all, I don't think it's good or healthy for a son to have a video of his mom masturbating and secondly...."

"What?" he asked, when I paused mid-sentence.

I knew it was vain and shouldn't matter, but there was one thing I hated about the video and it wasn't what I did, what I watched or who saw me. I admitted, "I know this sounds shallow, but I don't look that... hot in this video."

Jay looked completely shocked by my concern. I somehow continued on, only making it worse, "I mean, if there was going to be a video of me masturbating, then I don't want to be looking like that." I was in a sexless hooded sweatshirt and no makeup.

"Mom, I...." Jay began,

I interrupted him, adding, "If there's a sexy video of me, I would want to feel sexy in it. Call me vain, but bothers me to look so plain in the video."

Jay quickly rebutted both my concerns as he argued back, "Well, first of all, you have a DVD of a mother and son having sex and you clearly are interested in the videos I made, why is this bad for me and not bad for you?"

Frustratingly, he had a point I couldn't really refute. Yet I tried to. "Yes, but...."

This time he cut me off as he added, "And I think you look beautiful in this Mom. I've never seen you look hotter."

Being lonely and not hearing those words in a while, I blushed. I also felt arousal surge through me once again. "I guess it's not really a problem that you have it," I began, before adding, "and thank you for saying I look so beautiful but... I don't know. I mean, also it's a lot of risk for me if the DVD is accidentally found by someone."

"I'll label it something absurd like Justin Bieber live," he joked.

I laughed, "But what about my needs?"

He quickly countered, "I can make you a copy of the DVD so then you would get something out of it, too."

I can't lie, I liked the idea, but not of the video he made. It was also too blurry with the glass, unfocused and shaky, and I looked terrible. That said, I did want to relive the video again, that I couldn't deny. That said, I sure as hell couldn't admit that to my son. So instead I asked, "Why would I want a copy of a video of me watching myself masturbate in a hoodie?"

"So you really don't like how you look in it?" he asked, seemingly genuinely surprised, with made me feel bad for being so vain.

Yet, I added, trying to defend my lame vanity, "Yeah, well yeah, that and it's just me touching myself on a couch, I don't get excited by that."

Jay looked at me for a lengthy moment. Finally he asked, "So you don't want the video because you don't think you look sexy enough and you don't get to see anything to arouse you - it's just you masturbating?"

I wanted to think of a delicate way to handle the predicament I had put herself into. I replied, "Well...I guess so, it doesn't do much for me, but I do feel bad about making you lose the video, I can see how much you like it."

My clever son agreed, "I mean, I also have a problem with the video too."

This hurt me. I asked, "Really?! You seemed to really like what's in it."

Jay nodded, "Yeah it was awesome, but I shot it through the glass so it's a little blurry. It makes it hard to enjoy it as much as I could otherwise."

I admitted, "I did notice it was a little blurry."

We sat in silence, both unsure what to say next... the conversation had derailed greatly from the 'You have to delete it' start.

Jay then asked, "So if this video were on a DVD that we both had, you were looking as sexy as you wanted, and it showed me getting excited by you and finishing with both of us coming, would you have wanted it?"

I again didn't know how to respond. The correct answer as a mother is a simple 'No'. But the reality was I wished it was a better video, I wished I was dressed sexily and I wished I had seen his cock in clear view. I also was getting more and more turned on by the thought of that video, and this I admitted, "Yes, I guess so."

Jay replied anxiously as he just blurted out, "Since you want that and I want a version that's less blurry, maybe we should have a video that has what we both want."

I was completely taken aback by his suggestion, yet instead of shooting it down point blank, I asked a stupid question, anxious to hear his plan, "So what are you implying exactly?"

"Well," he began, "maybe we should make another video like that one on the DVD camcorder we have. The picture can be clear, you can look the way you want to and I...."

"You what?" I asked, the idea turning me on in ways I knew it shouldn't.

"I can have my penis out for you to see," he said.

I was flabbergasted.

I was also horny as hell.

He continued, now almost pleading, "Then we will both be happy, and I don't have to get rid of my favorite video... I would be devastated to lose a video of my mom looking as beautiful as I have ever seen her."

I was shocked by the proposal, yet my wet needy pussy was flooding and pulsating as I envisioned a much closer look of his cock. I teased, "Well, I didn't get a real good look at your penis."

"And I didn't get a good look at your vagina," he countered.

I laughed, "I guess you didn't." After a pause, I asked, "So how are we even going to do this?" I then added, "I still can't believe that I agreed to this."

He said, all organized, "Well from what I've watched on masturbation porn it's usually the man and woman sitting together on a bed, easier to film in the bedroom."

"You've already planned the location?" I smiled.

"Your bedroom," he nodded, before adding with a smile, "Better lighting and no potential open windows?"

"Good call," I laughed.

"Then we can watch each other touch ourselves," he said.

"Just that simple?" I asked.

He nodded, but was on a roll, "I also think it would be easier for us to get into it if we played the DVD you were watching and tried to make things like they were this morning- that way we'll know we'll be into it and it will be more natural and less like acting."

I was overwhelmed and yet my head kept nodding in agreement at the very inappropriate, yet hot idea.

So instead of stopping, I asked, "How are we even going to film it? Both of us are going to be on the bed?"

Jay had apparently already considered this too. "I think the best way to get a video we both like would be to film this just like a professional film. We can use the tripod and have the camcorder facing the bed."

"Okay," I nodded, both excited and nervous about the proposal.

Jay, on the other hand, was super excited, and began speaking quicker. "It can be just like this morning! We can position the camera so it shows me stroking myself watching you and then sneaking up on you while you're watching the dirty mom/son film! Then I can ask what you're watching in like a turned on voice. Then you get really embarrassed when I look down between your legs and say I shouldn't be there, but I sit down anyway, without pants. You ask me to leave but I am too turned on by the film to hear you and then you see my erect cock and gasp as you become even more turned on as the video you are watching becomes real life. You say that I can stay but I can't look at you. I stay and start to jerk off to the DVD. You see this and yell at me asking what I think I'm doing. I say that I'm just enjoying the film like you are. Then you get turned on by me stroking my cock...."

I interjected, protesting the rather trivial in the big scope of things, but something I seemed to still have control over, "Hey let's not use language like that."

"Sorry, Mom," he said, but continued his lengthy screenplay, "You are turned on by me masturbating and I catch you looking. I say it's unfair you get to look at me and I can't look at you so you say I can look at you. Then we start watching each other masturbate next to each other, where we can make eye contact and hold it when we cum, just like earlier today."

I couldn't believe the level of detail and was amazed he came up with such a hot story. All I could do was rationalize, trying to make this a one-time thing, "That sounds good to me, but this doesn't mean this can happen again. We will film the video in order to make things fair and you will be satisfied with that...okay?"

"Okay." agreed Jay eagerly. "I'll get everything set up. We can just make up the lines as we go to make it more natural."

I nodded in bewildered agreement, still shocked I was agreeing to such a crazy thing. Yet, I rationalized it wasn't incest as we were not actually touching each other.

Jay continued, "I guess you'll want to change into whatever you want to be wearing since I know you wanted to wear something a bit more appealing than this morning."

"I just did not want to be in a hoodie and have bags under my eyes," I pointed out, before adding, "Don't get your hopes up."

Jay went to get the camera and I went to the bathroom. I wasn't going to shower again, but if I was going to be filmed, I was going to be clean shaven down there, like I always was when I was married.

Once shaved, I put on mascara, eyeliner blush and bright red, slutty lipstick because deep down I wanted to look as sexy as possible for my video and thus for my son.

I went to my bedroom and saw the tripod already set up, as I heard the shower running in the other bathroom. He was cleaning up for me... good. Then I thought how weird it was that I was happy he was cleaning up for me.

I put on a sheer white negligee that barely hid my shaved mound, a sheer white bra I had bought before my last vacation with my husband a couple years ago, as well as matching thigh high stockings... which my deceased husband used to love. I didn't bother with panties since I'd have to pull them down before the filming started anyway.

I lay on my bed in my sexy lingerie under the sheets to hide the outfit. I had decided that it would be a surprise for the movie when Jay walked in.

"We need to put the movie on," he said, all business, as if trying to avoid any chance of a discussion that would end this opportunity.

"Sounds good to me," I agreed, as I watched him go and put it on. Once it was on, I used the remote to put it back to scene 2. I was curious what the other scenes were about, but figured I would stay with the scene that had changed everything.

As Jay went to the camera, he said, "Did you know it was Nude Day today?"

"That's a thing?" I asked.

"Apparently," he nodded, as he adjusted the camera.

"Well, then apparently it was a higher power who allowed us to be relatively nude in front of each other," I shrugged.

He laughed, "Well, Venus sure gave you your beauty ...

"So corny," I smiled, before adding, "but I like it."

"So I'm going to press record now, and then leave for a couple of minutes," he said, as the MILF incest scene began again. As soon as Jay left, I moved above the covers and I began to watch the hot scene, I realized there was no going back now, I was actually going to do this... purposely masturbate on film for my son. Oddly, instead of feeling wrong, it felt completely right.

So figuring the best way to go about this and calm my nerves, and my excitement of knowing how surprised my son would be to see me in sexy lingerie, is to just lie back on the bed, look at the TV, and get lost in the movie. Soon enough I was again transfixed on the movie and rubbing my bare pussy with slow arousal.

After what seemed like 20 minutes, but was likely only five, I heard Jay enter the room and gasp, but I didn't look at all. I tried to focus on the movie, but after a few seconds I heard him groan, "Oh, God."

No longer following the script, I glanced over and saw he was without pants and underwear and was stroking his cock.

I gasped. One, trying to improve as the script changed. Two, because with him only a few feet away and no glass door in the way I saw how big and gorgeous his cock was. My mouth instantly watered and I had to remind myself he was my son and we were JUST masturbating together.

I said, looking into his eyes and seeing a look of lust that was even stronger than last time, the lingerie was definitely working, "Son, what are you doing?"

"N-n-nothing," he stammered, as he stared at me.

"Why is your big cock out?" I asked, swearing for the first time ever in front of my son. But truth be told, he didn't have a penis, he had a cock... a big, hard, juicy cock.

"What are you doing?" he asked, trying to get us back on script.

"Son, please leave," I ordered, my hand still between my legs.

Instead, he walked over to the bed and asked, "What movie are you watching?"

"Son, leave now," I ordered, even as I stared at his cock getting closer and closer to me.

"I just want to watch this movie," he said, as he sat on the bed. "It looks really interesting."

"Fine, whatever, you can stay," I said, as I resumed touching myself. "But don't look at me at all."

"Of course, Mommy," he said, using 'Mommy' instead of 'Mom' for the first time.

I resumed watching the movie, the Mom now bobbing on her son's cock. I couldn't help it, but seeing his big cock, now just inches away from me, I imagined doing exactly what the pretend mother was doing.

I glanced back at his cock and watched him stroke it slowly while he watched the movie. Remembering his plot, I gasped, "Son, what are you doing?"

He kept stroking his cock and said, "I'm just enjoying the film like you are."

"You're so big," I said, unable to take my eyes off his cock.

He replied, looking between my legs, "Your shaved pussy is pretty hot."

"Don't look at Mom's vagina," I protested.

"But you're watching me," he pointed out.

"Fine, whatever," I said exasperated. "Look at your mother finger herself then."

I stared at his big cock, which was longer and thicker than his father's. I looked up at Jay and saw he was staring at my vagina with the same lust I was feeling for his cock.

There was no doubt about it, I wanted to do more than masturbate with him.

He began to stroke his cock faster, I started to jam my fingers into my pussy faster. I noticed he was checking out my tits bouncing, just barely hidden by the negligee.

Out of the blue, wanting to let him see all of me, hinting at the reality I was willing to do more than just masturbate, I pulled my negligee over my head.

Jay's mouth dropped open like an old Bugs Bunny cartoon as my tits were suddenly out in the open.

I saw pre-cum form on the tip of his cock as he watched my bare tits bounce with the insertion of my fingers.

As I stared at his cock, he moved so he was directly facing me. I was enthralled by my son's thick, long shaft. I no longer cared about the movie, but only the live action show in front of me. Jay took off his white t-shirt and now was entirely nude. I stared at my son's muscular toned body. I noticed how his sculpted chest and six-pack abs looked so perfect with his brown hair and commanding eyes.

I opened my legs further so he could get a perfect up close and personal view of my soaking pussy, I didn't want any complaints after this time.

My feet were in between his legs and our legs were now intertwined.

Suddenly, he lifted my legs apart on both sides of him and slid his body in even closer to me. I was shocked, but moaning, as I knew my legs were spread far apart and he had a close up view of my dripping mound.

Our genitalia were only inches apart as I was almost sitting on my son's lap with my legs straddling the top of his thighs.

We were now staring at each other.

No words were spoken, and yet we both knew what was about to happen.

As we looked deep into each other's eyes intensely, I nodded while panting with pure lust.

Jay understood what I was giving him permission to do, and as I moved my fingers out of my leaking pussy, my son inserted his own fingers.

I began to tremble immediately. I then reached out and did what I'd wanted to do ever since I saw his big cock up close and personal: I grabbed his youthful shaft and started pumping.

We were masturbating each other.

We continued to make eye contact as we leaned in at the same time and passionately began to kiss. Our tongues intertwined as we urgently explored each other's mouths, no longer mother and son, but lovers.

I was about to come, but didn't want to yet. No, instead I wanted his cock in my mouth. I broke the kiss, pushed him back onto the bed and wordlessly took his cock in my mouth with the reckless abandon of a teenage whore.

He groaned, "Oh, God, Mom, yes."

His cock was so hard. After less than a minute, he said, "Mom, I want to taste you too."

"You want to eat Mommy's cunt?" I ask, wanting to talk dirty for him and for the camera.

"Yes, Mommy," he groaned, as he added, "while you suck my dick."

I turned around and straddled him as I smiled, "You can only swear when your dick is in my mouth, cunt or hand, is that clear?"

"Yes, Mommy," he nodded, as he leaned up and began licking my pussy.

I moaned, as I stroked his cock, "Yes, eat Mommy's cunt," before I took his cock back in my mouth.

For a couple of minutes, he licked me, I sucked him. We were in perfect unison.

Then I wanted more.

I wanted his cock in me.

I said, "Baby, I need you inside of me."

Jay asked surprised, "Y-y-you want me to fuck you?"

"I need that big hard cock of yours in me right now," I demanded, as I rolled onto my back and spread my legs like I was parting the Red Sea.

Jay wasn't going to argue with the offer, as he moved between my legs, kissing me passionately before sliding his throbbing penis into my warm, soaking vagina.

I came in seconds, like a teenage boy, as I screamed loud enough to wake the dead, "Yes, you mother-fucker you're making Mommy come!"

Jay kept fucking me as I shook like a rocking horse, the most intense orgasm I had ever experience hitting me like a typhoon as cum gushed out of me.

Jay kept pounding in and out of my contracting vagina and even as I continued to come like a broken faucet, I could tell he was close to coming too and I moaned, "Shoot your cum all over Mommy, baby."

Jay grunted, as he pulled out, making my cunt leak like crazy, groaned and said, "Take my come, Mommy."

"Oh yes, baby, you look so hot when you come on Mommy," I moaned, squeezing my tits together for him as a target.

He shot a load of hot, thick cum - a load that seemed even bigger than the one from earlier that day all over me - hitting my face, tits, belly and pussy.

"Yes, baby, what a big load you just gave Mommy," I moaned, scooping some cum and putting it to my lips as I looked at the camera for the first time.

From the video, I heard, "That's it, baby, fuck Mommy's ass."

Jay, who was looking down at me completely spent, smiled.

I smiled back as I asked, "What, you want Mommy's other hole too?"

This took him by surprise, but he nodded, "I want to do everything with you."

"Mmmmmm," I smiled, as I stroked his cock, "Well, you are the man of the house now."

He leaned in and kissed me. Soft and tender.

When he broke the kiss, he said, "Well, that went better than planned."

"Excuse me?" I asked.

He didn't answer the question but said, "Did you know that Carol and Simon are fucking?"

"What? No!" I gasped. Carol, who had loaned me the video, was my best friend. Her son was best friends with my son... that is how we became friends, through years of watching sports together.

"And did you know that she was very worried about your lack of a sex life," he continued.

"No," I said and then my head started to put the puzzle pieces together.

"Yes," he nodded.

"Y-y-you planned this?" I stammered.

"It was Carol's idea," he admitted.

"Carol planned this?" I asked, even though that was now obvious.

"Yes," he nodded. "She knew you needed someone and she suggested I would be perfect."

Although I was shocked, I smiled, as I pulled him onto me, and onto his cum, as I kissed him. When I broke the kiss, I smiled, "Well, you are."

He smiled back, "I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, son," I replied back, before adding, "and lover."

After a lengthy kiss, I said, "I think I need another shower."

"And I need to edit a movie," he said.

"Right, the movie is still filming," I laughed.

"And the movie is still playing," he said.

I looked up and saw that the mom was now getting fucked while eating a younger girl. I said, "We will have to rewind this scene and see who the girl is."

"It's the daughter," Jay said.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I've seen the movie before," he admitted.

"You bad boy," I teased as I got off the bed.

"You're a good mom," he smiled back.

I took a long bath, before getting into another piece of lingerie, thigh highs this time, before coming downstairs, pouring myself a glass of wine and going to the living room to watch some television. I was dressed to tease or please if Jay decided he wanted a night cap fuck.

As I sat down on the couch, I laughed, and said out loud, "Back to the scene of the crime."

I was watching television for a few minutes when Jay came downstairs topless and only in sweats that barely concealed his erection.

He said, "Mom, I just made the final edit on my -I mean our- video...do you want to have your own copy?"

I looked at Jay's crotch and his tent and back up to him with a mischievous grin and said, "Let's pop it into the DVD player sweetie! I want to see how it turned out."

"Okay, I think you'll like it!" he said proudly.

He put the DVD in the player and came and sat with me on the couch.

We watched the movie together in silence. It was so hot; I looked fucking amazing.

As the movie played, Jay, more confident now, moved his hand under my nightie and to my again wet pussy.

I retrieved his cock and stroked it slowly.

Both of us slowly teased each other until the movie was done.

When the hot, unscripted scene ended, I said, "Well, that went a lot different than scripted."

"I'll say," he agreed, as his finger slowly fucked me.

"And this is too," I said, as I moved to the floor, pulled his sweats off, tossed them aside and took his cock in my mouth.

I was sucking on his cock for only a couple of minutes, wanting to take his load in my mouth, when I froze with his cock buried deep in my mouth.

"Mother!" a female voice gasped. My daughter's voice.

The End....

To be continued if enough people are interested.